did diſdaine my childe, and ſtoode betweene her and her fortunes: none would looke on her, but caſt their gazes on *Marinas* face, whilſt ours was blurred at, and held a Mawkin, not worth the time of day. It pierc'd me thorow, and though you call my courſe vnnaturall, you not your childe well louing, yet I finde it greets me as an enterprize of kindneſſe, perform'd to your ſole daughter.

Cle. Heauens forgiue it.

Dion. And as for *Pericles*, what ſhould he ſay? wee wept after her hearſe, and yet we mourne: her monument is almoſt finiſhed, and her Epitaph in glittering golden charracters, expreſs a generall praiſe to her, and care in vs, at whoſe expence tis done.

Cle. Thou art like the Harpie,
Which to betray, doſt with thy Angels face,
Ceaze with thine Eagles talents.

Dion. You are like one, that ſuperſtitiouſly
Doth ſweare to'th gods, that vvinter kils the flies,
But yet I know, you'l do as I aduiſe. *Exit.*

Enter Gower.

Thus time we waſte, and longeſt leagues make ſhort,
Saile ſeas in Cockels, haue and wiſh but fort:
Making to take our imagination,
From bourne to bourne, Region to region.
By you being pard'ned, we commit no crime
To vſe one Language, in each ſeuerall clime,
VVhere our ſcenes ſeeme to liue. I do beſeech you
To learne of me, who ſtands in gaps to teach you.
The ſtages of our ſtory *Pericles*,
Is now againe thwarting the wayward ſeas;
(Attended on by many a Lord and Knight)
To ſee his Daughter, all his liues delight.
Old *Hellicanus* goes along behinde,
Is left to gouerne it: you beare in minde
Old *Eſcenes*, whom *Hellicanus* late
Aduanc'd in time to great and high eſtate.

VVell

Well ſayling ſhips, and bou
This King to *Tharſus*, think
So with his ſterage, ſhall yo
To fetch his daughter home
Like moats and ſhadowes, ſe
Your eares vnto your eyes I

Enter Pericles at one doore, w
at the other. Cleon ſhewes
makes lamentation, puts on
parts.

Gower. See how beleefe m
This borrowed paſſion ſtand
And *Pericles* ſorrow all de
With ſighes ſhot through, an
Leaues *Tharſus*, and againe i
Neuer to waſh his face, nor c
He put on ſackcloth and to ſe
A tempeſt which his mortall
And yet he rides it out. Now
To the Epitaph for *Marina*, v

The faireſt, ſweeteſt, and be
Who withered in her ſpring o
She was of Tyrus the Kings
On whom foule death hath m
Marina was ſhe cald, and at
That is being proud, ſwallow
Therefore the earth fearing t
Hath Thet is birth-childe on
Wherefore ſhe does and ſweare
Make raging Battrie vpon ſ

No vizor does become black
So well as ſoft and tender fla
Let *Pericles* beleeue his daug
And beare his courſes to be o

WILLIAM SHAKESPEARE *Pericles* (STC 26101) LONDON, 1619 UNIVERSITY OF EDINBURGH